



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIV.—[V. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1837.

NO. 14.

## SELECT TALES.

From the Saturday Courier.

### A Story of American Life.

#### CHAPTER IX.

'O there's a change! and many a change!'—HEMANS.

YEARS had passed. Beauchamp and Gilbert, the two penniless boys, stood, side by side in the halls of Congress. Beauchamp had risen to speak on a subject which then agitated the whole Union. It was his first speech, and all eyes were turned towards him with deep interest as he arose. He was evidently much embarrassed. There was a flush on his still youthful brow; and as he commenced, in a tone so low as to be scarcely audible, his voice trembled perceptibly. But this embarrassment passed away, and he poured forth his ideas in a torrent of eloquence which animated his friends, and surprised his enemies.

The proud and overbearing southerner, in reply to whom he spoke, quailed beneath his severe eloquence, and biting, though delicate, satire. He absolutely writhed with hate and jealousy, at finding himself baffled by a mere youth, a youth he had always scorned.

Among the ladies, his still devoted sister listened with proud joy to her brother's eloquence. By her side sat a tall, splendid looking girl, a glorious creature, whom no one could look on once, and remain uninterested. As she watched with intense and apparent interest the youthful speaker, there was a look of exultation, of proud triumph, mingled with something of a darker nature, on her most expressive features. And there was another female, who listened with parted lips, brilliant eyes, and deadly cheek. In the midst of a fiery and overwhelming burst of eloquence, the eyes of the speaker accidentally met hers. There was a sudden though momentary pause, as if he had forgotten his subject, and the slight tinge, which exertion and excitement had called to his cheek, vanished for an instant. With an apparent effort he turned away, went on, and held the audience mute for another half hour. As his

glance was withdrawn, a deeper shade of anguish passed over the countenance of the lady. She looked towards Beauchamp's baffled opponent, and her husband—the haughty Durand—and met a demoniac smile. A deep crimson spread over her pale features, and she bent down her head, to hide the conscious emotions they betrayed.

'Who was that queen-like beauty by your side to-day, sister?' said Beauchamp to Mrs. Gilbert, as they sat together in a private apartment, that evening.

'And is it possible that you have really forgotten your little favorite amid the wild haunts of the Illinois?'

'Was that really Maria Gilbert? Impossible! She cannot be so splendidly beautiful—and such expression in her looks!'

'Certainly, brother; eight years have produced some change.'

At that instant the young lady in question entered the apartment, along with her brother.

There was a slight embarrassment in her manner, as she returned Beauchamp's salutation; but it passed away, and the young orator found her conversation brilliant, rich, and refined.

She was no longer the fond, wild girl of fifteen, who had innocently returned his caresses—no longer the wayward, passionate child, but a dignified, graceful, and rather reserved young woman.

A slight paleness shadowed her brilliant features, as the conversation turned on long-past days, old, familiar scenes. One long-buried, but not forgotten, dream of her girlhood, rushed obstinately to her mind, and she was silent.

Of all the splendid beauties at Washington that winter—and there were many of every style of loveliness, from the dark brunette of the south, with her languid and loving eyes, to the delicate maiden of the north—none scarcely received more than a passing tribute of admiration, when Miss Gilbert was present. She was the very center of attraction, admiration, flattery, and envy. But she moved as in her brilliant sphere of indifference—her heart untouched, and her mind

weary of this continual homage. There was one, who remained apparently indifferent to her peerless charms. James Beauchamp treated her in company with a cold, distant respect. In the private family circle, at Gilbert's he conversed familiarly with her, and seemed happy in her society, but never betrayed any other regard for her than mere common friendship.

Miss Gilbert was an ardent worshipper at the shrine of eloquence. Beauchamp was decidedly the first orator of the session. Then, she idolized poetry. And she learned from Mrs. Gilbert, that her particular favorite among poets, Julian, was no other than the Hon. Mr. Beauchamp. This was told to her in perfect confidence, one evening, after she had become almost angry with the embarrassed poet, because he would not join in her extravagant encomiums on his own works. The romantic and proud girl can imagine her feelings, on this occasion, better than I can tell them. The intelligence certainly was not calculated to extinguish a smothered and concealed passion. But Maria nerved her soul with pride, and schooled her heart to endurance.

#### CHAPTER X.

'This cheek

Thou knowest is pale; ah! 'twas not always so, Well—let that pass.'

'But, it had passed away, Like the remembrance of a sunny dream, And left no pang behind.'

Another year had gone by, and wrought its full share of changes.

Julia Durand was a widow: her husband had died shortly after the events mentioned in the beginning of the last chapter. She had long been an orphan—and her brothers were in foreign climes. She resided in the family of her sister Margaret, who was married, and mistress of a splendid mansion in Washington.

Gilbert and Beauchamp were at their post in Congress; Lucy and Maria were at home—the home of Maria's childhood, by the side of the Illinois. Maria had positively and rather obstinately refused to accompany her brother to Washington—and Mrs. Gilbert's

presence was required at home a few weeks, at the end of which period she intended joining her husband in that city.

Beauchamp was thrown constantly into the society of Mrs. Durand. Indeed he was always among the invited guests at Wilton's—for Margaret, though she had seldom met him during their long separation, still regarded him as a very particular friend. And he and Gilbert, who, it will be recollected, was a cousin of hers, were invited to join, often as it should be convenient, in their private family circle. Beauchamp, who was much fonder of joining a social circle of friends, than of mixing in promiscuous society, soon became almost an inmate of the family. His presence at first inspired bitter thoughts in the blighted heart of Julia; but as they had met as friends during her husband's life, so they met now. Beauchamp remembered his early love only as a bright dream, and he often smiled when he thought of his waking disappointment. All resentment had long been dead, and he regarded Mrs. Durand as an early and dear friend. She was changed, entirely changed: and in the melancholy widow, with her white, marble cheeks, and smileless lips, none would have recognized the blooming and happy Julia Mansfield. Yet she was still an interesting woman, and still beautiful. There was a beauty about those marble features that could not die; but it was more like the beauty of an unconscious statue, than of a living, breathing, conscious being; but for those large, deep-blue eyes, which still retained much of their former expression, she would have seemed indeed some beautiful creation of the sculptor, so passionless and changeless was her face. But she conversed eloquently, feelingly, and interestingly—and in her society Beauchamp was always happy. In mixed company, he treated her with marked attention: she was his partner in the dance; he listened with rapture when she sang, and his delicate attentions to her were remarked by all observers. Did he love her? No. Neither did he dream, that in her bosom—cold, passionless as she seemed—there could possibly linger a single smothered spark of young affection, to be kindled to a flame. Once, only once, had she betrayed any emotion in his presence. Then he had imputed it to a wrong source. He had referred, in rather a careless manner, to their young intercourse. The blood rushed in torrents to her pale cheeks, her lips trembled, and it was some time ere she could regain her accustomed composure. But as we said before, he did not impute this emotion to the right source.

#### CHAPTER XI.

His love had yielded to his pride,  
And his deep sense of wrong.

It was summer, proud, gorgeous summer. Beauchamp's health had suffered severely

from close application to business, and he was now trying leisure amid the beautiful scenery of Illinois, as a restorative.

He and Miss Gilbert were sitting together, one evening, when a letter, directed in a delicate, female hand, was brought to him. He gazed at the superscription with evident surprise, broke the seal hastily, and glanced at the signature. He changed color, and immediately left the room. When he was alone, he read as follows:—

'MY EARLY FRIEND—You will be surprised, perhaps displeased, at the reception of a letter from me. I know too well that I am transgressing the received laws of female delicacy in addressing you on the subject I am about to introduce. But when I recollect how much happiness I once recklessly threw away, I would, if possible, regain some small portion of it.

'You recollect too well my foolish coquetry, my heartless falsehood. I saw you were suspicious of my constancy, and fool that I was—resolved to sport with your feelings.—Yet, shall I say it? I loved you well—and the thoughts of a final separation, at that time, would have been anguish. I did not know your spirit; you treated me with a degree of indifference, which, in return, roused my resentment. I avoided you, and spent my time with Durand. I will not now speak particularly of his attentions; but at last he taught me to believe I loved him, better than I had ever loved you. I married him. I will pass slightly over the events of long, long years. I would not draw aside the sacred veil of death to expose one fault of him I vowed to love. I would not, for all sublunary happiness, pluck one green leaf from his laurel wreath of fame—I would not shadow the unsullied reputation of his name. But had suffering power to atone for crime, then had my perfidy long since been expiated.

'I had learned to think of my love for you as something for ever past. But shall I own it, in spite of what the world would call delicacy—in spite of my own burning pride—that your presence, your conversation, revived all my young affection? Yet would I have smothered and concealed it in my own bosom, had not your delicate attentions to me, and some expression, (perhaps they were unguarded) led me to believe my love was returned. Why should we sacrifice a life of happiness to pride or resentment?

'Do not despise me for what I have written, and I will say adieu. JULIA DURAND.

As he sat alone, with this effusion in his hand, from one he had once warmly, confidently and absorbingly loved, what memories rushed thick and fast upon his mind!—The hopes, the fears, the agonies of youth seemed all present.

That fatal evening, when he had rushed

from the presence of Julia—his hopes blighted, his fond affections thrown back, pride, scorn, resentment, in his heart—then, even then, at that bitter moment, his wild projects of ambition had, for the first time, taken a definite form. They had grown, at once, into a fixed and immovable resolve—to stand one day high on the ladder of ambition: to stand where the proud girl, who had just (contemptuously as he thought) discarded the poor, friendless, and unknown youth, should look up to the station occupied by the successful statesman, and remember her folly. His resolve was partly fulfilled—and that same girl now sued for his favor—offered the hand he once so dearly prized!

LETTER FROM THE HON. MR. BEAUCHAMP TO MRS. JULIA DURAND.

'I was indeed, my fair friend, surprised and even pained, at the reception of your letter.—You say, why should we sacrifice a life of happiness to pride or resentment? Believe me, I am not influenced by either of those motives. As for pride, I might well be proud of a union with you; and resentment has long, long ago passed from my mind—and with it passed my early dream of love. True, I did love you, love you deeply, fervently, and too confidently. But it became necessary for me to conquer that love: I struggled long and painfully to banish it from my mind. At last I succeeded. I crushed, I trampled it in the dust—I utterly extinguished its last spark! It can never revive!

'If any of my expressions have implied a continuation of that love, they were indeed unguarded expressions, and I deeply regret them. My particular attentions to you, you should have imputed to friendship. I am very sorry if they have been the cause of unhappiness.

'I have indeed felt for you, and do still feel, a tender, an uncommon regard; but it is friendship, pure and passionless. As such, I sincerely hope it may be returned. Write me: tell me you have abandoned your wild dream of love, and will be my friend, and I shall be happy.

JAMES BEAUCHAMP.

'Mrs. Julia Durand.'

Julia read this letter with all the bitterness of wounded pride, and blighted hope. Her last dream of earthly bliss was over.

Miss Gilbert went one day into Beauchamp's room, to return a book she had borrowed of him. He was not in the room. As she glanced over some papers on his table, she observed a folded and sealed letter, directed to Mrs. Julia Durand. She gazed at it some time as if to assure herself that she read aright.

'It is then true,' she exclaimed, 'he is to be married to my proud cousin!' And

rushing from the apartment, she sought her own room.

## CHAPTER XII.

'But he who stems a stream with sand,  
Or fetters flame with flaxen band,  
Has yet a harder task to prove,  
By firm resolve, to conquer love!'

A golden sunset, and a long, long ramble on the prairie, had filled the minds of the young senator, and the beautiful creature at his side, with poetry and dreams.

This is wrong—it is foolish, thought Miss Gilbert, as she stood close by the side of him whose image had, for long years, mingled in her dreams. These solitary walks, delightful as they are, are only strengthening affection, it will now be crime to indulge. And do I indeed love one who will soon be the husband of another? Love him still, in spite of all my better resolutions? The tide of thought rolled back! She remembered, when a bright girl of fifteen, she had knelt on the very spot where they were now standing, and prayed, with the fulness of a bursting heart, for the doomed prisoner at New Orleans! She remembered with what feelings, ten years before, she had rambled with Beauchamp along the paths of this same prairie—she thought of the hour when they parted. And since that period, wild and foolish dreams, hours of anguish, intervals of delight, seemed to have made up her existence. Yet she had appeared in the world a cold, calm, passionless being.

'A glorious view!' said the noble Senator, 'one may well be proud of his country, when he looks on a scene like this. Where yon beautiful village of white houses now reposes, as it were, on the bosom of the green prairie, six years ago there was only a solitary waste. And so from the Atlantic to the Pacific, amid the aspiring forest, or the beautiful expanse of prairie, on the borders of our noble lakes, on the banks of our majestic rivers, are seen abundant proofs of the enterprise and energy of our free countrymen.'

'True,' replied Miss Gilbert, 'and yet do you know I am always sad when I think of these things?'

'And why, Maria, should you regret your country's prosperity?'

'I do not—but when I think of that proud race who once called this delightful land theirs, I cannot rejoice.'

'You are right, Maria, the fate of that noble race of beings will indeed remain for ever a dark spot on the sunny page of our country's history. It is a thought which always darkens my dreams of glory and greatness for the United States. And the Indians are still persecuted! this, this is the most galling thought of all! For years, it has been the constant object of my exertions to procure some amelioration in their treatment.

But I have been unsuccessful. My country seems resolved utterly to annihilate every vestige of the red man from the earth.'

'Remember, Beauchamp, you still have the privilege of pleading their cause in the highest of your country's assemblies—your exertions, your eloquence, may not always be in vain.'

'You are always too sanguine in your expectations.'

'Yes, I know I am,' replied Maria, with a half-suppressed sigh.

'I am proud,' continued Beauchamp, 'to stand as their champion, and could I be at all instrumental in rescuing them from the doom which seems inevitable, then I should not have struggled in vain so far along the thorny and rough paths of public life. But, Maria, I am weary alike of the exaggerated praise of my friends, and the bitter calumnies of my enemies. My ambition is a purer passion than it formerly was. Ten years ago, it was one bright dream of cloudless glory, one bright halo of untarnished fame, and a name that should descend with blessings to posterity. Calumny, falsehood, misrepresentation, mingled not in my young dreams. But now I am content to endure them, if I may but serve my country. My ambition in literature is annihilated, or rather fully gratified. I am still unknown to the world as an author, and shall, perhaps, ever remain so. I have heard my works praised, extolled, by men of talents, literary attainments, and correct taste; and on the contrary, have heard men equally learned, and, for aught I know, of as good taste, condemn, laugh at, and ridicule them. But I have heard you, Maria, praise them—I have seen you bend over their pages with breathless attention! have heard you quote their words and sentiments, have listened while you sang my own songs—surprised, myself, at their sweetness. And this is all the reward I ask as an author. I have the honor, Miss Gilbert, of being your favorite, Julian.'

'Yes, so your sister told me last winter, after I had been unconsciously lavishing on you a great deal of extravagant praise. But you obtained it by fraud.'

'And who would not practice fraud to obtain so dear a tribute?'

'This is rather foolish trifling for a senator who prides himself on his wisdom.'

'No, Maria, I would not trifle. I have never talked to you of love,' he continued, after a short pause, 'perhaps you have never dreamed how deeply and hopelessly I have loved you.'

'Mr. Beauchamp,' said Maria, with a cold and indignant look of pride, 'I have always considered you as a friend, and treated you as such: if you value my friendship, you will not renew this trifling. I cannot tolerate insult.'

'If my professions of love are insults, I will certainly never again trouble you with the subject. But I think if you felt one particle of that friendship which you profess for me, you should at least repress your anger, and treat me with common respect. I am not aware of deserving your contempt.'

'A man deserves contempt the moment he stoops to ——' she paused abruptly as they reached the house, and glanced towards him with a look of indignation.

'To what, Miss Gilbert?'

She hesitated, and then turned toward the door, as if to enter.

'I have a right to demand an explanation,' he said, in a low, compressed tone, 'it is ungenerous to leave your meaning unexplained,' and he caught hold of her burning and trembling hand to detain her.

She suddenly and with some effort withdrew her hand, and with one more glance, in which love, pride, resentment and scorn were mingled, entered the house, followed by Beauchamp.—In the parlor they found several of their young country acquaintances, all in high spirits. Maria joined in the mirth with more than natural animation and wild gaiety. There was a deep, unusually deep and burning glow upon her cheeks; while her lips and brow were deadly pale, and there was almost a maniac wildness in her eyes. The wild flowers the playful Senator had twined amid her hair on the prairie, were allowed to remain, and she took no pains to arrange the beautiful but disheveled tresses. Beauchamp was reserved and gloomy. Maria retired as soon as the company were gone, and she wept as wildly as she had laughed and sang.

'This, this, is too childish,' she murmured to herself the next morning, as the bright sun looked into her chamber, and bade her awake; 'in a girl of fifteen it would be ridiculous—but it is certainly unworthy the dignity of a woman—in one who has long prided herself on strength of mind it is inexcusable.' Another long and passionate flood of tears—and she was calm. She dressed herself with unusual care, arranged her roving tresses over a pale forehead, called a heartless smile to her features, and went down to breakfast. Beauchamp was not there. He had already started for L——, where he had business which would detain him several days.

'Where is Miss Gilbert?' asked Beauchamp, the evening after his return, as he sat with Gilbert and Lucy at tea.

'She has gone to H——,' replied Lucy, 'to spend a few weeks with an intimate friend.'

'Woman!—were it not for my angel sister—my sainted mother—I might indeed curse the name!' murmured Beauchamp, as he threw open his chamber window, and

bared his throbbing temples to the damp air of a midnight storm.

'Has Mr. Beauchamp returned to New Orleans?' inquired Miss Gilbert, with a careless tone, and a blooming cheek, the morning after her return to —.

'He left us the day after you went away,' replied her brother. 'Do you know, Maria, he calls you a coquette?'

'Then he is very unreasonable,' she returned quickly, and changed the subject.

Reader, we will again adjourn to Washington.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

'I am the happiest wife in Rome, my Livia.'

Miss Gilbert sat on a sofa, alone, in a richly furnished apartment. The poems of Julian were in her hand, but she was not reading. She was startled from a long, deep reverie, by the abrupt entrance of Beauchamp.

'I beg pardon, Miss Gilbert, for this intrusion,' said the young Senator, 'I thought you attended Mrs. Y——'s splendid party to-night.'

'And I too believed you there,' she replied.

An awkward silence.

'And so you read Julian still, sometimes,' said Beauchamp, as he sat down by Maria's side. She made no reply, but dashed away the gathering tear.

'You are sad to-night, Maria, may I be permitted to inquire the cause?'

'The cause, certainly, is nothing which can possibly interest you, but I am indeed sad, and in no humor to enjoy company; forgive me—but I beg you would leave me.'

'Yes, I will retire immediately, but first give me leave to say that your conduct towards me has been ungenerous—unworthy a woman of sense and refinement—and to me it has been, and still is, inexplicable.'

'Whatever may be your remaining faults, I think you have entirely conquered your propensity to flatter.'

'Miss Gilbert is quite as innocent of that crime as I am.'

'Perhaps, however, I spoke severely—but remember, you have used language to me, which if used by a gentleman, would have justified me in demanding an explanation.'

'O, now I entreat do not challenge me, for I would rather incur the imputation of a coward, than fight with one of our noble Senators.' She laughed ironically, and the proud Senator bit his lip with pure vexation.

'You are really the most insulting girl I ever saw,' he retorted, bitterly—and then, after a pause, continued—'but, Miss Gilbert, if you have one particle of the generosity or frankness I once imputed to you, you will not leave your conduct unexplained. You once told me I deserved contempt—and you

have been paying it off profusely. Will you now condescend to inform me in what manner I had deserved it?'

'Yes I will. Your declaration of love was either insult to me, or perfidy to another. As either, I have a right to resent it.'

'Perfidy to another! Is it possible, Miss Gilbert, that you believed the common report, that I was engaged to be married to Mrs. Durand?'

'I did. And were you not so engaged?'

'Certainly not. But what reasons had you for believing this foolish story?'

'A variety of reasons. In the first place, your very particular attentions to her, both in public and private—attentions which I presume you will not deny—implied an engagement. And then your sister believed it, or at least I have reason to suppose she believed it; and then Miss —, who you know is the intimate friend, and bosom confidant of my cousin, told me in confidence you were so engaged.'

'She, you must have discovered, is an artful and unprincipled girl.'

'But there was another reason, stronger with me than all the rest.'

'And pray what was that?'

'You certainly will not deny corresponding with Mrs. Durand?'

'No, I will not; but there was nothing in that correspondence, which, as your professed lover, I would be unwilling you should read. As for what you are pleased to call my very particular attentions to that lady, they were dictated entirely by friendship—and so she understands them, whatever the world may say to the contrary. But why so very positive about the correspondence?'

'Because I saw on your table a letter directed in your hand writing, to Mrs. Julia Durand.'

'And may I ask if this belief that I was engaged to another, influenced materially your conduct towards me?'

'It did, very materially.'

'And are you now convinced that such an engagement never existed?'

'I have certainly no right or inclination to dispute your candor.'

The conversation now took a somewhat gentler turn. We will not stay to repeat it. But there was a wedding at Gilbert's on the Illinois, the next spring. The proud beauty, the rich heiress, gave her hand, confidently, to the poor but honored Senator.

Six years from that time, James Beauchamp, with his still beautiful and devoted wife, was received at the Court of — as Ambassador from the United States.

SUMNER.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

#### My Wife's History.

'WHAT angel of beauty was that, who smiled so sweetly and familiarly on you from the carriage that just passed us, Ellsford?' said I, to my old college friend, with whom I was walking arm in arm along Market-street—having just met him after an absence of three years—as happy as a young girl before love makes her serious.

'Oh, that's my wife.'

'Your wife! Well, you are a happy dog Ellsford. Why I never heard that you were married.'

'But I am, though, and to an angel, as you say truly, my friend,' and a half perceptible tear filled in his eye, while a smile played over his manly face.

'When were you married?'

'Three weeks ago, and a happier man never lived than your friend Ellsford.'

Truly she was a lovely creature. My friend was a man of the most refined taste, united with high manly independence of feeling, and all was purified and elevated by the most liberal education. Mrs. Ellsford was worthy of her husband. Her mind was but a gentle image of his own—a kind of softened reflection.

Their house soon became the most attractive spot to me in the city, and most of my evenings were spent in their company. I was often led to mark the peculiar delicacy and exquisite perception of the beautiful which distinguished the mind of my friend's lovely companion. Between her soul and nature in its varied manifestations there was a sympathy which seemed almost to make her a part of the great whole of creation. To her, 'high mountains were a feeling,' and the low breathings of the summer airs, with their wings of perfume—the loud swell of the tempest—the clear lake as it held the blue sky in its crystal depths—the whisper of the playful stream, and the strong rush of the mighty river—all had the power to chain her heart as with the spell of an invisible spirit. And from nature her soul went up to nature's God in pure devotions.

It is not necessary to the perfection of such a character that it should have no feeling in common with busy life. No; Caroline Ellsford was a choice friend and an interesting companion. She was not a vain dreamer, but one who understood the operations of her own mind, and who could control them.

A few brief years passed away, and the blight and the shadow fell upon my friend's power of peace. The angel of death came with his fearful summons, and the high minded Ellsford was no more.

It was three months after this sad event that I returned home from a long journey in the 'far west,' and called to see the widow of

my early friend. I found her as I expected to find her—not paralyzed in mind; but calm, and at times an almost cheerful mourner. She was guarded in her allusions to her husband; and only so, it seemed, from the fact that experience had taught her that it was far better not to indulge in grief. But oh, what a change had come over the spirit of her dream!

I soon learned to my grief that affairs with Ellsford had not been as prosperous as was supposed. His lovely widow was left with but a bare pittance after his business was settled up—and she soon began to feel great concern for her future support. In this dilemma she advertised for a situation as teacher in a private family, and notwithstanding my gentle remonstrance accepted the place of governess in the family of Mrs. Dobbs.

Mrs. Dobbs had served her time in the kitchen, from which she had been elevated by Mr. Dobbs, a man whose ideas could comprehend little beyond the multiplication table. By degrees he succeeded in adding dollar to dollar—little careful of the means—until he became one of the most wealthy merchants of our city. His wife soon began to feel her consequence, especially as her husband's reputed wealth and her own splendid coach and gaudy trappings, introduced her into the best society. In a few years a new edition of the Dobb's became apparent, and as graceless as set were not to be found in Charles street, from Fayette to Franklin.

'Emily, my dear.'

'What?'

'Come, my love, I want you.'

'What do you want?'

'I want to introduce you to your new governess.'

'Is she cross, ma?' and a fat awkward girl of some eleven years old came rudely into the room, and made her way boldly and familiarly to where Mrs. Ellsford was sitting.

'This, my dear, is—What's your name? I forget.'

'Mrs. Ellsford.'

'No, not that, your first name.'

'Caroline,' said she, half weeping, as thoughts of other days and of her high-minded and honored husband came over her.

'Well, Caroline, this is Miss Emma—I want you to take particular care of her manners—she is quite polished now indeed, I cannot never be enough grateful to Madame Gallopade for the great attention she paid to her polite education—she was invaluable, and I fear I shall never regret her leaving me. Do, pray, Caroline, be careful not to make my children rude; of all things, I shudder at plebeian manners. Emma, my dear, this is Caroline, your new teacher.'

'I don't like her much, ma!'

'I'm sorry for that. Caroline you must be very careful to make the girls like you—they are very amiable now, and I don't want them to become rude. If you are polite to them, you will soon make them like you.'

Just at this moment Angelina Dobbs, the celebrated belle—the admirer of all admirers—of money, came sweeping into the room. She did not deign to notice Mrs. Ellsford at first, but when her mother told her this was Caroline, who would give her some lessons in music, as well as to take charge of the girls she rolled her inexpressive eyes upon her, and after scanning her from head to foot, with a half sneering air remarked:—

'Well, I reckon she'll do. What's her name, I did'nt hear.'

'Caroline.'

'Caroline—hem! Ma, I wish you had'nt went to Mrs. Nelonee's ball last night—you really looked so awkward I was ashamed of you. And when you do go out, why in the name of common sense will you dance? I never saw any one in my life dance so ungracefully. Why, Mr. Fortunatis laughed right out when you made that false move in the cotillon—and he is such a gentleman in all his manners, and so intelligent and interesting, I would'nt had it happened for all the world.'

'Well, never mind, my dear, its all over now.'

'Yes, but I do mind though, and it aint all over yet. I don't choose to have you laughed at, especially as it tends to make me extremely ridiculous.'

Duly installed in her uneviable office, Mrs. Ellsford used every exertion to modify and refine the crude material upon which she had to work. In the detectable Miss Angelina Dobbs, she found such a specimen of unregenerate gentility, as is not to be met with every day, in what is called the 'good society' of the city, but the philosophy of necessity made it her lot, and she did not murmur. She had to suffer daily with the uncouth manners, insults and intrusions of those who considered themselves greatly her superiors; but she bore it all with uncomplaining gentleness, and though I saw her as often as I could, yet she felt her unpleasant situation.

Miss Angelina Dobbs I had often met in company, and had found some little favor in her eyes. I occasionally called to see her, but it was for the real purpose of seeking an opportunity for a word with Mrs. Ellsford, which it was rather difficult to get, especially as she was rarely allowed the privilege of the parlor, and then was made to submit to the petty commands of every member of this graceless family. Now she must ring for the servant, and now be sent for this thing and now for that; and not unfrequently would she be desired to leave the parlor.

Nearly two years passed away, and the lovely widow of my late friend was still buried in the family of Mrs. Dobbs. Miss Angelina had made several conquests, but was not yet married off.—The real character of Mrs. Ellsford had become known, and though she was thrown into obscurity as much as possible by the noble family in which she resided, yet in that time she had met with several advantageous offers of marriage, such as Miss Angelina would have thought among the best; these offers were declined, but in such a way as caused her to retain the esteem and respect of those whose kind feelings of tenderness she could not reciprocate.—Even the heartlessness of fashion and wealth softened when such a woman as Mrs. Ellsford became known in her real character, and she was now respected, and in many cases where good sense happened to be accompanied by elevation, greatly esteemed, by such as visited Mrs. Dobbs. This change in the tone of her visitors produced a corresponding one in the family, and Mrs. E. was consequently treated with more respect and less rudeness. Her intelligence and true dignity—united with a winning gentleness of manner, and a perfect freedom from any effort at affectation, insensibly won the good will and admiration of all; and it at length became a matter of almost necessity that Mrs. E. should be in the parlor whenever company were present, because visitors always asked for her, and would not be satisfied unless she was present. She soon drew around her an intelligent coterie of both sexes, and rendered the drawing room of Mrs. Dobbs quite attractive.

This could not be suffered to continue long, as Miss Angelina and her mother began to perceive too plainly that the daughter was thrown deeply in the shade by the governess. Her situation was soon rendered too disagreeable for endurance, and she very reluctantly determined to leave a place where, notwithstanding the constant shocks which her feelings received, she preferred remaining, to again submitting to the scrutiny and coldness of strangers.

'Caroline,' said I, tenderly, for she had become to me a sister—indeed more than a sister, and I used the name in the fondness of a confident familiarity. 'Caroline, where do you intend going when you leave here, as you say you must?'

'I have not yet determined,' said she, half despondingly, 'where I shall go—the Misses Wilfords are anxious that I should take charge of them, and they are an amiable and sweet family of children. Their mother has often hinted her wish that I should come into her house, and the little girls were only an hour since coaxing me to come and live with them. I could not become domesticated in

a pleasanter family, and shall probably go there.'

'Will you take my advice on the subject, Caroline?'

'You have proved yourself a true friend—such as *he* said you were, (her voice slightly trembled)—and I think I may say with confidence that I will.'

'Then don't go there?'

She looked at me with momentary surprise, and then said bitterly, 'would you have me stay *here*?'

'Here—no Caroline—no! not *here*!'

'Where then? I know of no other home.'

There was something so melancholy in her tone that it instantly confirmed my resolution, and taking her hand I said earnestly, but tenderly—

'I will give you a home!'

She looked at me inquiringly, but not with an air of surprise, and merely said—

'I do not understand you.'

'Simply and frankly then, I wish to give you a home in my own heart, and by my own hearth. Will you accept the offer made in all tenderness and affection?'

Her hand was in mine, but she did not remove it. A tear gathered in her eye, but a faint smile played about her lips. For a moment she remained silent, and then turning towards me, said calmly and feelingly—

'To the keeping of no one would I sooner give my happiness;—if you think a heart that has been wounded and bruised like mine, worth having, it is yours.'

'Reader, I am a very happy man. And the once sorrowful Caroline, now Mrs. —, is, I think, a very happy woman, at least she says so, and I have no motive for doubting her word. She passed, as all right minded persons can, through fire, and it did not consume her—and she came from it refined as gold, that is tried in the furnace. If you would choose a good wife, look out for one who has known sorrow, but has not been subdued by it—who has borne affliction with calmness, and privation without repining. They only who have had adversity know how to bear prosperity.'

## TRAVELING SKETCHES.

### The Earthquake in Syria.

THE Missionary Herald for November contains an account of the Earthquake, which on the 1st of January, 1837, entirely destroyed the city of Safet, in the Holy Land, and reduced the city of Tiberias to a heap of ruins. The particulars are embodied in the Journal of Mr. W. M. Thompson, himself one of those who set forth upon a tour of observation and charitable effort, through the countries so dreadfully visited. The details of the sufferings he witnessed at Safet are truly appalling; as the following extract will show:—

'Up to this moment I had refused to credit the account, but one frightful glance convinced me that it was not in the power of language

to overstate such a ruin. Suffice it to say that this great town, which seemed to me like a beehive four years ago, and was still more so eighteen days ago, *is now no more*. Safet *was*, but is not. The Jewish portion, containing a population of five or six thousand, was built around and upon a very steep mountain; so steep, indeed, is the hill, and so compactly built was the town, that the roof of the lower house formed the *street* of the one above, thus rising like a stairway one over another. And thus, when the tremendous shock dashed every house to the ground in a moment, the first fell upon the second, the second upon the third, and so on the next, and so on to the end. And this is the true cause of the almost unprecedented destruction of life. Some of the lower houses are covered up to a great depth with the ruins of many others which were above them. From this cause also it occurred that a vast number, who were not instantaneously killed, perished before they could be dug out; and some were taken out five, six, and one I was told, seven days after the shock, still alive. One solitary man, who had been a husband and a father, told me that he found his wife with one child under her arm, and the babe with the breast still in its mouth. He supposed the babe had not been killed by the falling ruins, but had died of hunger, endeavoring to draw nourishment from the breast of its lifeless mother! Parents frequently told me that they had heard the voices of their little ones crying papa, papa, mamma, mamma, fainter and fainter, until hushed in death, while they were either struggling in despair, to free themselves, or laboring to remove the fallen timber and rocks from their children. O God of mercy! what a scene of horror must have been that long black night, which closed upon them in half an hour after the overthrow! without a light, or possibility of getting one, four fifths of the whole population under the ruins, dead or dying with frightful groans, and the earth still trembling and shaking as if terrified with the desolation she had wrought.

'What a dismal spectacle! As far as the eye can reach, nothing is seen but one vast chaos of stone and earth, timber and boards, tables, chairs, beds, and clothing, mingled in horrible confusion. Men everywhere at work, worn out and wo-begone, uncovering their houses in search of the mangled and putrid bodies of departed friends; while here and there I noticed companies of two or three each, clambering over the ruins, bearing a dreadful load of corruption to the narrow house appointed for all living. I covered my face and passed on through the half living, wretched remnants of Safet. Some were weeping in despair, and some laughing in callousness still more distressing. Here an

old man sat on the wreck of his once crowded house, there a child was at play, too young to realize that it had neither father nor mother, brother nor relation in the wide world. They flocked around us—husbands that had lost their wives, wives their husbands, parents without children, children without parents, and not a few left the solitary remnants of large connexions. The people were scattered abroad, above, and below the ruins in tents of old boards, old carpets, mats, canvass, brush, and earth, and not a few dwelling in the open air; while some poor wretches, wounded and bruised, were left amongst the prostrate buildings, every moment exposed to death, from the loose rocks around and above them.

'As soon as our tent was pitched, Mr. C. and myself set off to visit the wounded. Creeping under a wretched covering intended for a tent, the first we came to, we found an emaciated young female lying on the ground, covered with the filthiest garments I ever saw. After examining several wounds, all in a state of mortification, the poor old creature that was waiting upon her, lifted up the cover of her feet, when a moment's glance convinced me that she could not possibly survive another day. The foot had dropped off, and the flesh also, leaving the leg bone altogether bare! Sending some laudanum to relieve the intolerable agony of her last hours, we went on to other but equally dreadful scenes. Not to shock the feelings by detailing what we saw, I will only mention one other case; and I do it to show what immense suffering these poor people have endured for the last eighteen days. Clambering over a pile of ruins, and entering a low vault by a hole, I found eight of the wounded crowded together, under a vast pile of crumbling rocks. Some with legs broken in two or three places, others so horribly lacerated and swollen as scarcely to retain the shape of mortals; while all, left without washing, changing bandages, or dressing the wounds, were in such a deplorable state as rendered it impossible for us to remain with them long enough to do them any good. Although protected by spirits of camphor, breathing through my handkerchief dipped in it, and fortified with a good share of resolution, I was obliged to retreat. Convinced that while in such charnel houses as this, without air but such as would be fatal to the life of a healthy person, no medicines would afford relief, we returned to our tent, resolving to erect a large shanty of boards, broken doors, and timber, for the accommodation of the wounded. The remainder of our first day was spent in making preparations for erecting this little hospital.

'19. This has been a very busy day, but still our work advanced slowly. We found the greatest difficulty to get boards and timber; and when the carpenters came, they

were without proper tools. In time, however, we got something in shape of saws, axes, nails and mattocks, and all of us laboring hard, before night the result began to appear. The Governor visited and greatly praised our work, declaring that he had not thought such a thing could have been erected; and that the government had not been able to obtain half so good a place for its own accommodation. Some of the wounded were brought and laid down before us, long before any part of the building was ready for their reception, and are now actually sheltered in it, although it is altogether unfinished. After dark I accompanied the priest, to visit the remainder of the christian population of Safet. They were never numerous, and having lost about one half of their number, are now crowded into one great tent. Several were wounded; to these we gave medicine. Some were orphans, to whom we gave clothing, and the poor people had their necessities supplied as well as our limited means would justify. Amongst the survivors is a worthy man, who has long wished to be connected with us, and in whom we have felt much interest. He applied about a year ago to have his son admitted to our high school, but he was then too young. When I left Beyroot it was my intention to bring this lad with me on my return, should he be alive; but alas! his afflicted father has to mourn not only his death, but that of his mother and all his lovely family but one.

'The earth continues to tremble and shake. There have been many slight and some very violent shocks since we arrived. About three o'clock to-day, while I was on the roof of our shanty nailing down boards, we had a tremendous shock. A cloud of dust arose above the falling ruins; and the people all rushed out from them in dismay. Many began to pray with loud and lamentable cries; and females beat their bare breasts with all their strength, and tore their garments in despair. The workmen threw down their tools and fled. Soon, however, order was restored, and we proceeded as usual. I did not feel this shock, owing to the fact that the roof of the shanty was shaking all the time. Once, however, the jerk was so sudden and violent as to affect my chest and arms precisely like an electric shock.'

The benevolent missionaries after the performance of the charitable acts enumerated above, proceeded to Tiberias. Here the destruction of life had been less than at Safet, owing mainly to the fact that Tiberias is built on a level plain, and Safet on the declivity of a mountain. Here, too, the wounded were much more comfortably arranged, and taken care of, although here the missionaries found ample room for their ministry of kindness in distributing charity to the poor and medicine to the sick. From Tiberias they proceeded to the village of Luby, which is a heap of ruins. Hence they proceeded to Nazareth, which has sustained but little injury.

One remarkable circumstance in relation to the Earthquake is that some villages entirely escaped, although

between two places that were entirely overthrown. The lake of Tiberias is undoubtedly the center of this mighty concussion, and it would not be at all surprising if a fresh volcano should break out in some of the surrounding mountains.

Mr. Thompson concludes his interesting account with the following remarks:

'Isaiah says, "When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."—The world that reads and hears of them may learn righteousness, but I fear those who are exercised thereby are most commonly hardened. As he says of the Israelites, in another place, when suffering afflictions, 'They shall fret themselves, and curse their king and their God and look upward.' There is something in the very magnitude of great calamities which seems to harden the heart. Certainly what I have witnessed during the last two weeks has exhibited human nature in a more odious light than I had ever before viewed it. There is no flesh in the stony heart of man. Such foul specimens of dishonesty, robbery, cruelty, avarice, and amazing selfishness, I never heard or read of. Nothing but dreadful punishment, oft inflicted, preserved the ruined places from becoming scenes of indiscriminate plunder. Taking advantage of their necessities, no man would work, except for enormous wages. The head rabbi of Tiberias told me that they had to pay about sixty dollars for every burial although it required only an hour or two to accomplish it. He had paid out of the public purse upwards of seventy thousand piastres for this purpose alone. Nor are the Jews a whit behind the Moslems in this cold-hearted villainy. I never saw a Jew helping another Jew, excepting for money. After our hospital was finished, we had to pay a high price to have the poor wounded creatures carried into it. Not a Jew, Christian, or Turk, lifted a hand to assist us, except for high wages.'

## MISCELLANY.

### The Death of the Young.

BEAUTIFUL is that season of life, when we can say in the language of Scripture, 'Thou hast the dew of thy youth.' But of these flowers, Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and his form is changed to something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not: for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes. We shall see them all again, blooming in a happier land.

Yes: Death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us—and we shall not be long. They have gone before us—and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave, to welcome us with the countenance of affection, which they wore on earth—yet more lovely—more radiant—more spiritual.

Death has taken thee, too, sweet sister, and 'thou hast the dew of thy youth.' He hath placed thee upon his bosom, and his stern countenance wears a smile. The 'far country' seems nearer, and the way less dark; for thou hast gone before—passing so quickly to thy rest, that day itself dies not more calmly. And thou art there waiting to bid us welcome, when we shall have done here the work given us to do, and shall go hence to be seen no more on earth.

THOMAS WILSON, Bishop of the Isle of Man, from 1639 to 1755, was a particularly benevolent man. To supply the poor with clothing, he kept in constant employment at his own house, several tailors and shoemakers. On one occasion, in giving orders to one of his tailors to make him a cloak, he directed that it should be very plain, having simply a button and loop to keep it together. 'But, my lord,' said the tailor, 'what would become of the poor button-makers and their families, if every one thought in that way? They would be starved outright.' Do you say so John?' replied the Bishop, 'why, then, button it all over, John.'

HISTORY.—The history of the past is a mere puppet-show. A little man comes out and blows a trumpet, and goes in again. You look for something new; and lo! another little man comes out, and blows another trumpet, and goes in again. And it is all over.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

D. R. Buskirk's Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. J. Oakfield, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. V. Scott, N. Y. \$1.00; O. F. T. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; W. M. G. Gaylord's Bridge, Ct. \$1.00; O. B. Orwell, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. H. Lima, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. H. Center Cambridge, N. Y. \$1.00; E. R. Wilmington, Ill. \$1.00; W. A. Canaan, Ct. \$2.00; M. L. New Bedford, Ms. \$1.00; M. H. Fair Haven, Ms. \$1.00; W. R. Montalban, Miss. \$15.00; O. B. S. Worcester, N. Y. \$1.00; W. R. H. Harpersfield, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. L. Franklin, N. Y. \$1.00; C. P. Livingston, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Concord, Mich. \$4.00.

### MARRIED.

In this city, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Henry C. Miller to Miss Charlotte Waldron, all of this city.

On Friday morning the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Capt. Edward H. Macy, of Kalamazoo, Mich. to Miss Caroline Dayton, of this city.

In Claverack, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Berger, Mr. Peter Becker, of Hillsdale, to Miss Sophia Crapser, of the former place.

In New York, on Sunday evening the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ferris, John R. Sylvester, senior proprietor of the Catskill Recorder, to Urania C. daughter of Mr. Edwin G. Knapp, of Catskill.

At Mellenville, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Berger, Mr. Henry Row to Miss Eliza Jane Allen, both of Taghkanic.

In Claverack, on the same day, by the same, Mr. Henry H. Clapper to Miss Eliza Christina Brown, both of Claverack.

### DIED.

In this city, on the 11th inst. Mr. Harman Stoddard, in the 52d year of his age.

On the 8th inst. William, son of William and Eliza Hallenbeck, aged 11 months.

In Ghent, on the 10th inst. Elizabeth Tator, in the 65th year of her age.

In Taghkanic, on the 8th inst. Mr. William Blass, in the 78th year of his age.

In Madison, on the 16th inst. Lydia Maria, daughter of John A. and Eliza Van Hoesen, in her 6th year.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## Stanzas.

How sweet to muse upon the past,  
The sunny hours of childhood gay,  
When not a cloud our sky o'ercast,  
But brilliant seemed life's darksome way.

Then mirth, gay cherub of the soul,  
With bliss, fair nymph, supremely kind,  
Did all our feelings mild control,  
And filled with joy our youthful mind.

The jocund hours, in pastime spent,  
On downy wings unheeded flew,  
While o'er our bosom sweet content  
Her ermine mantle kindly threw.

Then down Time's swiftly-flowing tide—  
In youth, with pleasure's gales so rife,  
Our little bark did smoothly glide,  
Disturbed by no rude winds of strife!

But ah! those days how quickly past,  
How rapidly the moments flee!  
Too soon, mid danger's storm we're cast.  
On manhood's dark tempestuous sea.

And now by raging billows tossed,  
From wave to wave our bark is driven,  
While joy's bright star, in darkness cast,  
No longer points to pleasure's haven.

Yet, why despond? there's one lone star,  
Shines in the mind's beclouded sky,  
That from despair's dread shoals afar  
Will guide us when destruction's nigh;—

That star is Hope, whose heavenly light,  
Where pure religion fills the breast,  
Will safely guide through sorrow's night,  
To brighter regions of the blest.

Dracut, Ms. 1837.

RURAL BARD.

## The Language of Flowers.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THE mystic science is not mine  
That eastern records teach,  
I cannot to each bud assign  
A sentiment and speech;  
Yet, when in yonder blossomed dell  
I pass my lonely hours,  
Methinks my heart interprets well  
The eloquence of flowers.

Of life's first thoughtless years they tell,  
When half my joy and grief  
Dwelt in a lily's opening bell,  
A rose-bud's drooping leaf—  
I watched for them the sun's bright eye,  
And feared the driving showers,  
Types of my girlhood's radiant days  
Were ye, sweet transient flowers.

And sadder scenes ye bring to mind;  
The moments ye renew  
When first the woodbine's wreaths I twined,  
A loved one's grave to strew;  
On the cold turf I weeping spread  
My offering from the bowers,  
Ye seemed meet tribute to the dead,  
Pale, perishable flowers.

Yet speak ye not alone, fair band,  
Of changefulness and gloom,  
Ye tell me of God's gracious hand,  
That clothes you thus in bloom;  
And sends to soften and to calm  
A sinful world like ours,  
Gifts of such purity and balm  
As ye, fresh dewy flowers.

And while your smiling ranks I view,  
In vivid colors drest,  
My heart, with faith confirmed and true,  
Learns on the Lord to rest;  
If He the lilies of the field  
With lavish glory dowers,  
Will he not greater bounties yield  
To me, than to the flowers?

Still, still they speak—around my track  
Some faded blossoms lie,  
Another Spring shall bring them back,  
Yet bring them but to die:  
But we forsake this world of strife,  
To rise to nobler powers,  
And share those gifts of endless life,  
Withheld from earth's frail flowers.

O, may I bear your lessons hence,  
Fair children of the sod,  
Yours is the calm, mute eloquence  
That leads the thoughts to God;  
And oft amid the great and wise,  
My heart shall seek these bowers,  
And turn from man's proud colloquies,  
To commune with the flowers.

The following beautiful lines by Mrs. Opie, are from the English 'Amulet, or Christian and Literary Remembrancer.'

## A Lament.

'THERE was an eye whose partial glance  
Could ne'er my numerous failings see;  
There was an ear that still untired  
Could listen to kind praise of me.

There was a heart Time only made  
For me with fonder feelings burn;  
And which, whene'er, alas, I roved,  
Still longed and pined for my return.

There was a lip which always breathed  
E'en short farewells with tones of sadness;  
There was a voice whose eager sound  
My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladness.

There was a mind, whose vigorous powers  
On mine its fostering influence threw;  
And called my humble talents forth,  
Till thence its dearest joys it drew.

There was a love that oft for me  
With anxious fears would overflow;  
And wept and prayed for me, and sought  
From future ills to guard—but now

That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,  
That lip and voice are mute for ever!  
And cold that heart of faithful love,  
Which death alone from mine could sever!

And lost to me that ardent mind,  
Which loved my varied tasks to see;  
And, Oh! of all the praise I gained,  
This was the dearest far to me!

Now I, unloved, uncheered, alone,  
Life's dreary wilderness must tread,  
Till He who loves the broken heart  
In mercy bids me join the dead.

But, 'Father of the fatherless,'  
O! Thou that hear'st the orphan's cry  
And 'dwest with the contrite heart,'  
As well as in 'Thy place on high'—

O Lord! though like a faded leaf,  
That's severed from its parent tree,  
I struggle down life's stormy tide,  
That awful tide that leads to Thee;

Still Lord! to thee the voice of praise  
Shall spring triumphant from my breast;  
Since, though I tread a weary way,  
I trust that *he I mourn* is blest!

## Lines

SUGGESTED BY SOME LATE AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale autumn flowers,  
How beautiful they are!  
Than all that went before,  
Than all the summer store,  
How lovelier far!

And why!—They are the last!  
The last! the last! the last!  
Oh! by that little word,  
How many thoughts are stirred!  
That sister of the past!

Pale flowers! Pale perishing flowers!  
Ye're types of precious things;  
Types of those better moments,  
That flit like life's enjoyments,  
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,  
(That time the fastest spends,)  
Last tears in silence shed,  
Last words half uttered,  
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress  
A life into a day,  
The last day spent with one  
Who, e'er the morrow's sun  
Must leave us, and for aye?

Oh, precious, precious moments?  
Pale flowers! ye're types of those;  
The saddest! sweetest! dearest!  
Because, like those, the nearest  
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! Pale perishing flowers!  
I woo your gentle breath—  
I leave the summer rose  
For younger, blither brows;  
Tell me of change and death.

## Almanacks for 1838.

Stoddard's Diary or Columbia Almanack, by the thousand, gross, dozen or single; also, Comic, People's and David Crockett's Almanacks, by the dozen or single, for sale at  
A. STODDARD'S Bookstore.

## THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY

Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

☞ All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.